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# HOLLYWOOD NIGHTS

No. 2.

May, 1937

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# Soldiers Advance

By HAROLD BARTON.

The handsome Lieutenant, Clark Lacy, was playing with fire—the Colonel's daughter. Della Young, looking like anything but a colonel's daughter, nestled in his arms, her lips raised invitingly. Her sheer clad, deliciously rounded figure rested lightly on Clark's khaki knees.

Clark, like all good officers, consolidated his gains. His right arm pressed Della closer, and without any hesitation his left hand dipped into the mysterious shadowy region revealed above the low neckline of her dress. Clark's hand, encountering no resistance, found its objective, and remained.

Fondling, toying, it awoke to life the crinkly little bud which set off delightfully the dazzling whiteness of its supporting mound, like a cherry in ice-cream.

Della wriggled on Clark's thighs, trying to find a more comfortable position. The contact of her resilient, pliant hips, so clearly outlined beneath her flimsies, repaid Clark for an uninteresting summer spent at camp, trying to teach recruits the manual of arms.

"What are you trying to do to me," giggled Della, "make me change my mind?"

"If anything will, I hope this does." Slowly Clark drew down the practically invisible shoulder strap, baring in all its glory, the melon-like mound. His lips swooped downward, coming to rest lingeringly on the dainty upspringing before his eyes.

Della began to quiver, pressing his head closer so that his mouth mashed

down hard, squeeling the pretty little hillock all out of shape. Almost automatically, the other shoulder strap slipped down, and Clark's lips wandered from their first resting place to an identical resting place on the other side of a deep, headily perfumed valley.

Della looked down at Clark's sleek head gently stroking his hair. Her breath began coming in gasps; she closed her eyes, enjoying to the full, the deliciousness of that stolen moment.

Clark released the yearning, straining, crimson tit-bits, bringing his lips up against Della's dewy, parted, honey mouth. "How about it now, baby," he whispered, "have you still got any doubts?"

"Please stop asking me to marry you! Are you doing all this just to lower my sales resistance?"

"Gosh, Della, what do you expect a poor guy to do? I've told you forty million times that I'm nuts about you, and want to marry you. When I'm with you, I can't think of anything except how gorgeous you are. You do me an injustice, lady."

"Nevertheless," said Della firmly, "the fact remains that I am the Colonel's daughter, and any lieutenant who wants to marry the Colonel's daughter must have his eye on some other thing besides said daughter!"

"Tell you what I'll do," he said suddenly. "I'll resign from this old army, and show you that being a Colonel's son-in-law means less than nothing to me."

"Resign? What do you mean resign?"

You can't do any such thing."

"Can't I? You don't thing a lieutenant's pay means anything to me, do you?"

"That's exactly just what I do mean. Even if your dad has a lot of money, you went to West Point instead of to Harvard because you wanted to be an army officer. I simply won't believe anything of the sort."

"What I am trying to get at," said Clark impatiently, "is will you marry me if I do better?"

"And I have already told you that I don't believe you will resign in the first place; and in the second place, I've been brought up in the army, and I won't marry any stuffy businessmen and miss the fun of travelling all over the world with the outfit."

"It seems I loose both ways," mumbled Clark, gloomily. "If I remain in the army, you won't marry me because you mistrust my motives. If I resign from the army you won't marry me because you want to marry an army man. Just whom do you expect to marry—a colonel?"

"I would," retorted Della, "if I could find one who didn't have to be fifty years old."

"And who would give you the same thrills I give you?" added Clark.

"Do we have to go over all that again? Besides, my father has very decided ideas about young officers who try to get ahead by marrying into the families of their commanders."

"Has your father said anything about me?"

"Not exactly—but I ought to know how he feels if anyone does."

Clark caught her to him in a sudden fury of exasperation. "You darn little nitwit! There are times when I'd like to twist your pretty neck. If you were married to me, and acted so unreasonably, I'd use my prerogative and make

you mighty uncomfortable in a certain portion of your divine anatomy!"

"You brute," she said softly. "Maybe I'd like it!"

"I know what I'm going to do," he said firmly. "As soon as your father returns, next week, I'm going to hand in my resignation. Then I'm going to try to make you marry me. If you still keep that silly notion about marrying into the army, but not marrying an officer lower than a colonel, at least I won't have to travel around with the regiment and endure seeing you all the time. I'll go out and get myself a nice, reasonable chorus girl!"

"True to the army tradition," giggled Della.

"I wish I could keep up the army tradition," retorted Clark. "I'd lay seige to the fort and capture it by force of arms. That's the way the army always does things."

"Bring up the artillery, Lieutenant," said Della, burlesquing a command.

Clark reached for his hat. "Remember what I said," he warned her, "and you'll find out whether I'm fooling or not."

"Are you referring to that resignation nonsense again?"

"I certainly am."

"I'll believe that when I see it. Where's the good old army spirit?"

"There are times when I don't know what you are driving at," he said grimly, "but this can't go on forever. You wait and see what happens."

"Well," said Della, flippantly, the next evening, as they were leaving the local roadhouse, "are you going ahead with your plans?"

"Get in," said Clark shortly, opening the door of his long, low slung roadster.

"How masterful the man is becoming! Just remember, Lieutenant, that I'm not a private in your platoon."

"As my wife, you'll take orders and

like them.

He got in beside her, kicked the car into motion, sent it rolling down the shadowy road.

"I've got something with me that ought to interest you, but I didn't feel like showing it to you in that joint."

"What is it?" asked Della.

Clark didn't answer. Instead, he guided the car to a little by-path off the main road, where several other cars were parked in the darkness—

"What's this," asked Della, "lovers' lane?"

"Yes, but I'm not coming for the usual purpose. Take a look at this!"

Clark was reaching inside his tunic, when Della's hand on his stopped him.

"Never mind now," she said hurriedly. "I've never been in a lovers' lane before. It must be interesting."

"Many people find it so," he observed dryly. "I don't know whether a Colonel's daughter would."

"Why not try and find out?"

In the darkness, Della's eyes were sparkling, dancing with mischief. She leaned closer to Clark.

"Oh well," he said, snapping off the lights. "C'mere, woman."

"Yes, sir," mimicked Della. She opened her mouth to say more, but whatever it was she wanted to utter, she promptly forgot it. Clark's possessive lips were against hers, effectively restraining her from saying anything. They drew delightedly on the nectar of her dewy mouth. She felt herself drawn closer and closer into Clark's embrace; felt his hands slipping beneath her light evening wrap, going swiftly and surely to the centres of delight revealed to him the night before. Della gasped. "Oh!" she exclaimed. "You're a little too rough." Clark's searching hand, brushing roughly across the delicate, sensitive awakening tip of one delicious hillock, had squeezed it unmer-

cifully.

"So sorry," said Clark contritely. "I'll kiss it and make it well." Without further words, he fiddled with the shoulder strap, bringing to light the outraged, red crested dainty. "Poor little thing," he murmured sympathetically, pressing his lips soothingly against the glowing, rising bud. The rosy tip responded, seeming to yearn for more sympathy of the same sort. "Can't play any favourites," said Clark, and in a moment his lips were on the delicious twin.

Della relaxed against the cushions of the car.

"Hope nobody gets gay with a flashlight," she murmured.

"If he does," said Clark, "it'll be his last trick." Gently his hand caressed the springy mounds, and as he did so, he gradually drew up the shoulder straps.

"Look," he said. "I was going to show you something."

"What is it?" asked Della sleepily, feeling very contented indeed, in the warm glow of Clark's caresses.

"Sit up and look." He switched on the dim light of the dashboard, drew a crackling envelope from his inside tunic pocket and unfolded a legal looking document. Della strained her eyes to read the closely typewritten lines.

"It's your resignation!" she said in amazement.

"Yep—my resignation. As soon as the Colonel returns he gets this, and I'll be out of the army."

"Oh, Clark — you can't do that! You've set your heart on an army career. I won't let you give it up for me."

"I'm sorry, but you haven't anything to say about that. It's my life, and I'll win my woman in my own way."

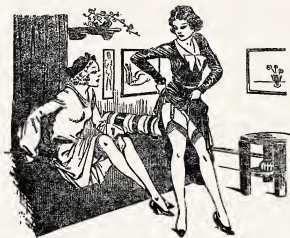
"Don't be melodramatic. Don't think you're fooling me, either. You're just

saying that to me to frighten me or something, thinking I'll beg you not to turn it in, and that I'll fall into your arms, murmuring 'my hero!' Well, you can save the dramatics—I know every trick in the book."

"Well, I'll be darned, he ejaculated. "You women don't recognise the truth

fast roadster careening down the silvery ribbon of road. When he said good-night to Della, he didn't even offer to kiss her. She missed it.

Disappointed, and feeling vaguely uneasy, Della kicked off her slippers, jerked her glittering gown over her head and remained before her mirror,



when you see it. I can see now, why the men who handle women successfully are the ones who fool them." Angrily Clark moved to his place behind the wheel. He switched on the headlights, backed out of lovers' lane, and sent the

clad in nothing more than wispy panties and hose. She cupped her soft, little palms around the red tipped melon-like treasures Clark had caressed so ardently. She had expected a warmer farewell, and she was learning what it

meant to be disappointed.

Della jerked open the bureau drawer, selected a pair of sleazy, floppy pyjamas and slid right into them, covering the revealed glories, which a moment before had lit and perfumed the room. At that moment she heard the downstairs door slam.

The colonel's daughter was never frightened. Besides, Della knew how to use an army automatic. She took one from the drawer and walked out to the landing.

"Who's there?" she called sharply. "Don't shoot, sis—it's only me."

"Ted!" she exclaimed. "What on earth!"

She didn't get a chance to finish. Ted, her younger brother, who towered a couple of heads over her, bounded up the steps and swept her into a bear hug that practically squeezed out all her breath. The heavy pistol slid from her grasp and thudded on the floor.

"Close shave," said Ted, eyeing the fallen weapon. "Good thing you recognised me."

"Oh, Ted — I'm so glad you've come!"

"What's the matter—man trouble?"

"I guess you would call it that." Briefly she told him about the situation between her and Clark.

"Della," said Ted, when she had finished, "you're nuts. Just plain nuts. Clark is a swell guy, and he doesn't go around saying things that he doesn't mean. You wait and see—before you know it, he'll be out of the army, and you'll be out of luck. It's time I took a hand in this mess. I should have known better than to leave you next to a camp full of soldiers. It's a wonder the old man hasn't got a revolution on his hands!"

"You make me feel so silly," said Della, on the verge of tears. Her full breasts bobbing, her sleek hips bouncing

in their tight pyjama trousers, she walked back and forth.

"Well," said Ted, "stop walking around and try to do something. You'll never get me to believe that Clark wants to marry you just to be daddy's son-in-law. Haven't you sense enough to know that with his connections he has all the pull he needs?"

"I never thought of that."

"Of course you didn't—you don't think with your head—you think with your—"

"With what?"

"Never mind. Nobody could blame you at that. You're a very lucky girl. With little Ted on the job, all is not lost. You go to bed and leave everything to me. The army will yet win!" Melodramatically, he stalked from the room. Della didn't see anything very funny about his attitude—in fact, she was feeling decidedly blue.

The indigo mood had, if anything, only deepened by the next evening. Clark hadn't called, and for once in her life, Della had no date. To make things worse, Ted had mysteriously disappeared, which was unusual, after his two-month absence.

In panties and negligee, Della sat at her dressing table, listlessly making up her face. She had no clear notion of why she was doing just that, but she thought it might cheer her up.

Again the door banged downstairs. This time Della didn't run for an automatic. She imagined it was Ted returning.

As she went on with her powdering, she heard the door of her room open. A uniformed figure filled the doorway, walked swiftly behind her. In the mirror she saw Clark's tall form, and at the sight of him a variety of feelings shot through her. The main reason, she supposed, was because her negligee had been ruthlessly jerked open, and a hand



planted firmly, but tenderly, over each of her breasts—

Her head was turned back, and her parted lips subjected to a very thorough and commanding kiss. Clark pulled her to her feet, held her tightly against him and began making a systematic tour of her face, throat—with his lips. Every time Della started to say something, she found herself silenced in a most pleasant and effective manner.

Before she knew what was happening she found herself sitting side by side with Clark on her bed, her negligee off, her sole raiment, the panties, which offered no protection at all.

"What is all this about?" she finally managed.

"The old army spirit," said Clark gaily. "When a town resists, we lay siege, and we don't let up until the siege is victorious. Carry on!"

"I like that," she retorted indignantly "being compared to a town."

"You had better like it. You may have been in the army all your life, but this is your first taste of how the army gets what it goes after."

Della found herself on her back, her breasts rising and falling, her breath coming in gasps. Strange little thrills, never before experienced, chased themselves back and forth over her exposed anatomy. Clark's lips were like touches of flame on the super-sensitive plum-coloured nubs of her hard, upstanding bosom. Ceaselessly, his hands played back and forth, awakening, all over her sensitive flesh, responses she didn't even think she was capable of.

"The fort is weakening," announced Clark, as though he were addressing the general staff. "The enemy's fire is diminishing! One more sally, and the town is ours!"

"Who is this Sally you're talking about?"

"Don't be funny. What kind of a

Colonel's daughter are you if you don't know what a sally is?"

"Oh," said Della, relieved. "I thought you were talking about another girl."

"Why—would it make any difference to you?"

"Maybe."

For a moment Clark stopped his caresses. "You listen to me," he said. "I'm going to remain in this army, and you're going to marry me, and like it. Get that?"

"Yes, but—"

"Don't try to say anything. Your brother told me all about it."

"My brother?"

"Yes. You were trying to test me, anyway—I might have known it, in the first place. He said you didn't think I was marrying you to become the colonel's son-in-law. Like all women, you just wanted to see what I would do to prove that I loved only you!"

"Why, I never—" Suddenly Della stopped. A great light broke upon her. Like a wise woman she discovered it was best to let her man keep his illusions.

"Well," snapped Clark, "I haven't all night. Are you going to marry me, or aren't you? What say?"

Della nodded.

Clark rose, dashed out of the room, and went down the steps, three at a time, leaving Della alone and amazed.

She rose and sped to the landing.

"Ted?" she heard his saying into the phone. "The army has landed and has the situation well in hand!"

"What? Okay—I'll tell her."

"I was just reporting to Ted. That boy has the makings of a major-general. He just gave me another command."

"What's that?" asked Della.

"Man the breastworks!"

Della dimpled. "A good old army expression!"

"As long as the fort is captured, you

might as well consolidate your position!"

Clark picked her up, carried her into the room, and set her on the bed again—this time tenderly.

His hands caressed the swollen globes of her bosom, lingeringly, reverently; his lips covered the blue tracery of veins, remaining delightedly on flaming upthrust tips.

His kisses became more and more ar-

dent, his hands bolder and bolder. Strangely enough, Della didn't care—her breath seemed to come in shorter gasps—

"Man the breastworks," she murmured as her arms went around Clark, and the world began dissolving into a rosy mist.

"Okay Colonel," said Clark with a grin . . .

# Mistress of Masquerade

By ALLEN BECKFORD

Neil Barton dipped his pen into the red ink. "Move over, won't you, Muriel; you're sitting on part of the expense account."

Muriel Allen rattled the pink tabloid newspaper she was reading, and crossed her lovely silken-clad legs as she slid toward the edge of the desk, thus affording an excellent view of the kissable white flesh that showed between her stocking tops and her pink silk panties. Neil looked at the exposed flesh and then at his ledger. He squirmed uncomfortably about on his chair.

"What's the matter, honey," Muriel twisted her young, gloriously rounded body down toward him. Her silk blouse ballooned out and revealed more delectable bare flesh. "Doesn't it balance?"

"Balance hell!" exclaimed Neil as he stirred about and finally permitted his right hand to drop onto his partner's silken-clad knee. "It is as lopsided as a politician's conscience."

"Which way?" Muriel inquired sweetly, as she pushed his hand off her

knee, and then began swinging her legs in tantalizing rhythm.

"Ah, the wrong way, of course," Neil told her as he pulled his eyes back to the ledger with an effort. "Say," he jabbed his finger at an item, "what's the idea of charging the company with the price of three pairs of silk stockings?"

Muriel leaned over still further and playfully ran her fingers through Neil's wavy black hair. "When the President is personally responsible for starting runners in the Secretary's stockings, then the company should assume the cost of the damages." She delivered her explanation with an arousing pat on her partner's cheek.

Instantly Neil pushed aside his ledger and threw a strong arm about Muriel's slim waist. With a single motion he pulled her on to his knees, her skirt riding up towards her waist in the process. She laughed excitedly, her cheeks flushing deeply as he forced her head back over the arm of the chair, and then instantly possessed her provocative red

lips hungrily. His left hand slipped inside her blouse, touching certain sensitive nerve centres, which in turn caused her heart to beat wildly, as sleeping emotions were rudely awakened. A longing was created within her, as she surrendered herself to the sweet ecstasy of the moment. She returned his kisses with great feeling as he pressed her soft pliant body against him.

"Lord, Muriel honey," Neil murmured in his deep, vibrant voice, "you're driving me crazy! Every day you tease me this way and then put me off. I tell you I can't stand much more of it!"

Muriel covered his mouth with her sweet-smelling fingers. "Shh—patience, my love; all good things come to him who waits."

"Wait! wait! wait!" Neil yanked her roughly away from him. "Do you think I'm nothing but a robot—without feeling? Listen, sweet, this teasing business has gone quite far enough. It's about time I taught you a few things not generally learned in good detective agencies!"

"I suppose you think you're a professional lover!"

"Nothing different, Baby. This will be lesson number one."

Muriel veiled her violet-blue eyes with her incredibly long, curling, golden-brown lashes. She didn't want Neil to read the truth which she knew was in her eyes. The way she felt now, lesson number one couldn't start too soon for her. Neil, seeming to sense the acquiescence which had risen in her mind and body, swooped down upon her and showered searing kisses upon her natural golden-blond hair, her closed eyes, her sweetly rounded, pink cheeks and her crimson lips. Then—as he buried his mouth in the little hollow in her white throat—he reached under his desk and pushed the button which auto-

matically locked the door against all intruders.

Quickly, as though there was no time to lose, Neil picked Muriel up in his muscular arms and carried her over to the office couch . . .

An hour later, happy, wild-eyed and radiantly alive, they were rudely interrupted by the arrival of Limpy in the outer office. Limpy was a reformed underworld character whom they had taken into their strange partnership of the A.B.C. Detective Agency. He was a big help, and he literally worshipped Muriel.

The buzzer sounded faintly. Both of the partners looked toward the three bulbs fastened above the door. One was white, lighted when friends were outside; one blue, lighted when customers awaited them; and the other red, illuminated when bill collectors were in the reception room. The blue bulb flashed on.

"Get busy, my love," directed young Barton, "it seems we have a customer." He rose from the couch and assisted Muriel to her feet. While she was straightening her hair before the tiny mirror, he released the lock, so that Limpy Chiappetti entered, Muriel was busy thumping on her typewriter.

"Hey, Boss, Williamson, the Chief of Police wants to see you. All right to send him in?"

Neil nodded. "What's he going to do—give us the works?"

"Naw," Limpy shook his head, "I don't think so."

"Don't flirt with the Chief," Neil cautioned Muriel in a stage whisper, after Limpy had left the room. A moment afterward he re-opened the door and announced the Chief of Police.

"I'm glad to know you people," boomed the big man as he sank down heavily in the visitors' chair. "You certainly did a quick, thorough job on

that Jackson Jewelry case."

"Thank you, sir," appreciated Neil, while Muriel nodded her pretty head and chewed the eraser off a pencil.

"You have no doubt," began the Chief, lowering his voice, "heard of the notorious 'Yellow Spider'?"

"Yes," admitted Neil, "we have read about his activities."

"There is a five thousand dollar reward out for his capture," reminded Chief Williamson.

"Yes," said Neil again, "we know."

"My Department hasn't been able to get a single clue as to his identity—he's so damnably clever. We think it is someone welcomed in the very best of society, a man who knows what goes on in my department. Perhaps someone connected with the city government, but who?"

"There is," interrupted Muriel, "that masquerade ball to-night, given by Mrs. Stuyvesant. Everybody who IS somebody will be there. No doubt the ladies will wear their choicest gems. If you could get us a couple of invitations—"

"I could!" declared the Chief, "and I will! Something has got to be done! Mayor Logan swears that if we don't apprehend the 'Spider,' he's going to have me ousted."

He rose from his chair. "I'll have one of the boys bring the invitations over to you before five o'clock. Good-day."

"Boy, oh boy, is that somethin'?" beamed Neil after the Chief had left. "We're being put on a case by the Police. If we get in solid with them everything will be oakie doakie!"

The Masquerade Ball had been in full swing for a long time when Neil and Muriel arrived. Neil was inconspicuous in his brown Monk's costume, while his partner was a lovely vision with her long, blonde hair down her back, a jewelled band holding it in place. A

thin silken jacket embroidered in artificial pearls covered her bosom, while nude flesh enhanced her beauty, showing as it did between her jacket and her long silk and beaded skirt. Slave bracelets accentuated the grace of her bare arms, while long, exotic ear-rings and necklaces completed her rather sensuous costume.

As they danced together, Neil said: "Well, the room is full of people, and among them I am sure is the 'Yellow Spider,' but how in the world are we to find his identity in a few short hours."

As they glided over the floor to the pulsating rhythm of the music, Muriel pondered over Neil's words. "Listen, honey," she said finally, "he gave himself the title of 'Yellow Spider.' Evidently it was his own idea. I've seen those terrible things making their webs on the peony plants back home. They are huge yellow things with black stripes on their bodies. Let's select the largest and tallest men in this room. One idea is about as good as another in this mess."

"We could try out at that, but then maybe he won't be here to-night."

"He'll be here all right. Look, see that man in that devil's costume?"

"Yes," acknowledged Neil as he followed her glance.

"You watch him. That clown is a big man. I'll take him. Now then," as their eyes roved the room, "I saw another big fellow in a yellow and black domino suit. There he is now, dancing with that be-jewelled Queen Elizabeth. I'll go over by the door and tell Limpy to watch that bird."

Yellow and black domino danced twice more with Queen Elizabeth and then, as Muriel and Neil came abreast of Limpy, he tugged excitedly at young Barton's sleeve.

"Mister Neil," he said in a whisper, as the two stopped dancing and went





over to the wall with him. "I seen that guy you told me to watch, unfastened that swell dame's necklace when he was dancin' with her. It's gone now, and in a moment or two she'll find it out."

"O.K., Limpy," Neil's eyes showed excitedly through his mask, "get out to the car now and wait for us. I think we'll be needing you."

Muriel left Neil to thread her way through the crowd to the place where she had seen Yellow Domino leave Queen Elizabeth. He was facing a partially opened window when she came up to him. Muriel coughed and he turned about instantly.

"Hello, beautiful," he greeted her in a deep, vibrant voice. "Dance?"

"Oui, M'sieur," she gushed, in a silky voice. But just as the music had started and he had placed his arm about her shoulder, a woman screamed.

The music stopped. Mr. Stuyvesant leaped to the orchestra platform and held up his hand for quiet.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he shouted, "one of our guests has just lost a valuable diamond necklace. The necklace," he yelled dramatically, "was stolen by the 'Yellow Spider.' An artificial spider was found clinging to the lady's costume. No one is to leave this room until a thorough search has been made. *Everybody*, kindly remain just where you are!"

Immediately he had stopped speaking the doors were closed and locked. Plain clothes men guarded the entrance. Everyone began talking at once. The noise was terrific. Finally all were lined up in systematic order and thoroughly searched. Holding her breath, Muriel watched the detectives search yellow and black domino, but without results. Everybody retained their masks in order to avoid embarrassment. The task was long and tedious and it was nearly two when it was over, with the diamond

necklace still missing. Finally, they were permitted to leave.

Muriel, staying ever close to her man, was joined by Neil. The guests were leaving, taking off their masks and some their costumes as they did so. Yellow and Black Domino went into the men's rest room, and Neil followed him immediately while Muriel waited. Soon a big man came out, closely pursued by Neil, his eyes wide and unusually bright.

In the meantime Muriel had procured her cape and was ready to leave. He grasped her arm just as she recognised the big man. She gave a perceptible start.

"Neil, was that man Black and Yellow domino?"

Neil nodded. "No use trailing after him; it is too absurd."

"I'm not so sure of that," answered Muriel stubbornly, "Come on, let's go."

"Limpy must be 'nuts' thinking he saw *him* take it."

"Maybe he was and again maybe he wasn't." Muriel and Neil left the hotel where the ball had been held. They saw their man get into an expensive car and drive away. Limpy had the motor running.

"Follow that machine," directed Neil curtly, as he and Muriel entered their car. Neil couldn't refrain from encircling Muriel's nude waist with his arm.

"Neil, don't," she protested, while she wriggled near him, "we're out on business and this isn't the time for that sort of thing. Just wait——"

"All right little girl," conceded Neil, "but that costume you've got on has got me all ga-ga."

The car they were following slowed up before a beautiful apartment building. It turned into the drive and disappeared down into the garage which was located below the building.

"He'll go to his apartment from the

inside," Neil whispered, then added: "This is madness to believe *him* guilty."

"We'll look at the name cards and get the location of his apartment. A girl friend of mine once lived here and I know something about the apartments."

Leaving Limpy at the wheel, Neil and Muriel went into the vestibule and scanned the name-cards. "Third floor, apartment B-310. We can reach that from the fire-escape on the left side."

It was only a matter of minutes before they had Limpy run the car under the escape. By climbing on the top of the machine they were able to reach the fire ladder. Up scrambled Neil and Muriel, the chill spring air getting under her cape and chilling her nude flesh.

Neil, following closely after Muriel received intriguing views of her shapely leg by the dim light of the street lamps, and she giggled to herself as she realized he could do nothing about it.

The window leading to the third floor corridor was locked but Neil produced his pen-knife and dug out the putty from around the pane. Finally he was able to lift out the glass. He stepped over the sill and then turned to assist Muriel. She extended first one bare leg and then the other. Her beaded costume swaying back until her tiny white silken briefs were quite visible.

At apartment B-310 they stopped, standing close together in the dimly lit hall. A soft murmur of voices drifted out to them. A woman's and a man's.

"Is he married?" inquired Neil in a whisper.

"No," answered Muriel, and then she asked: "Got your skeleton keys, honey?"

Without replying, Neil took his keys out of his pocket and gently inserted one after the other into the keyhole. Finally, one of them worked. Softly he turned the handle and the two of them

quietly entered the dark entrance hall of the apartment.

A pencil of light showed beneath the bedroom door and the bathroom door. The living room was dark, as was also the kitchen located at the other end of the hall.

Behind the closed bedroom door came voices. They listened as they crouched there together in the darkness.

—"was a cinch. When did the carrier pigeon come home?"

"About twelve-thirty," answered a woman's soft voice. "That necklace was awfully heavy for him."

"Yes, but he came through nevertheless. The stuff is still hot, but I'll dig out the diamonds and later sell them separately after I've gotten rid of Williamson. I think he is beginning to be suspicious."

Muriel peeped through the keyhole. The man they had been following was appareled in pyjamas and dressing gown. A dark-haired woman was seated beside him on the bed. They were both facing the door. As the man lowered his hands, the ceiling light shone full upon a gorgeous diamond necklace.

Muriel held her lips close to Neil's. "We're on the right track."

"All right," he murmured, and soon he was gone.

"—I'll dig out these stones, dearest, destroy the necklace and be right back." As the man started toward the door, Muriel crept toward the darkened living room. She felt about and found a fire-side chair behind which she hid until the man opened the door and had entered the bathroom. Then it was that she crept out of her hiding place and stole along the tiny hall to the bedroom which she entered.

The woman looked up as Muriel came into the room. Her eyes widened and



she was about to scream when Muriel hissed.

"Keep your mouth shut and get out of here. You'll avoid a nice scandal if you do as I say. There is to be a police raid soon and you and your boy friend will be arrested."

The woman rose from the bed and pulled her thin, silken negligee together over her full, mature, breasts.

"Give me your nightdress," directed Muriel as she began unhooking her tiny beaded brassiere which she slung under the bed.

"But—why?"

"Hurry up, you fool," directed Muriel tensely, "take it off."

The woman slipped out of her negligee and then slipped her gorgeous night-robe up over her head. Muriel grabbed it and let it fall over her own beautifully formed body while the woman got back into the negligee and drew it tightly over her body.

"Go on, make it snappy, sister," breathed Muriel. "Get down to your own apartment before it is too late. I know who you are."

A minute later, Muriel pushed the woman out of the apartment and then re-entered the bedroom. Quickly she snapped off the light and got into bed. Her nerves tensed and her heart beat wildly within her as she heard the man return from the bedroom.

"In bed?" he wanted to know.

"Uh—huh," giggled Muriel, as she heard a garment fall lightly to the floor. The bed squeaked beneath an additional weight and then she found herself in this strange man's arms.

Heavens, if Neil would only hurry

with the police before it was too late. How long could she keep this man from knowing she wasn't that other woman? This, as his hands sneaked up beneath her gown and touched her breasts.

"What's the idea?" he wanted to know. "Take 'em off."

Without a word, Muriel obeyed him there beneath the covers. Her fingers were cold and clammy.

"That's better," he told her as his soft palm caressed the length of her warm legs. Suddenly he gathered her into his arms and crushed her soft breasts against his chest. She hoped he wouldn't hear the wild, tempestuous beating of her heart and the insane racing of the hot blood within her veins, this—as he forced her tempting, burning lips apart and gave her such a kiss that every emotion within her was awakened and straining at their leashes. If Neil didn't hurry —

Then—all at once it happened. Lights flashed on in the bedroom. Men filled the chamber! The man beside her sat up and glared at the intruders in anger and bewilderment.

"What the hell is the meaning of all this?" he demanded.

"It means, Mayor Logan, that you, who masqueraded as the 'Yellow Spider' are under arrest!"

And then—the next day, there came in the mail a check for one thousand dollars, payable to the order of Muriel Allen, and it was signed by the wife of the Chief of Police. A small note was in the envelope with it. It read "In sincere appreciation for services rendered!"



# Intriguing Little Imp

By PHIL STRANGE

Peter Harms folded his arms and frowned as he watched his brother, Lawrence, disporting himself more or less innocently on the beach with Mitzi Woods. In spite of himself, he was looking more at Mitzi than his brother—and, even if he did look disapprovingly, he couldn't help admiring some of the things he saw. "Darn little pest," he muttered, "she has got a way with her."

She had, indeed. Five feet three, a hundred and ten in her unmentionables, Mitzi streaked a green whisp, wearing something less than the minimum allowed by the beach censors.

A brassiere—or anyway, what was supposed to be a brassiere—could scarcely be said to conceal firm, erect mounds, surprisingly well developed for one so petite.

From the fleetingly revealed vermilion dainties, Peter's gaze swept downward over the bare expanse between the bottom of Mitzi's so-called brassier, and the top of Mitzi's so-called trunks.

Peter watched Lawrence chasing Mitzi into the water. His eyes, like those of his brother, were glued on the jouncing, bouncing, quivering half-moons, emphasised but not completely concealed, by shorts that reminded Peter strongly of Gunga Din's costume. "Nothing much before," he quoted to himself, "and rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind."

"You look kinda troubled," intoned a cool voice at Peter's elbow. He turned, six feet of splendid physique, bronzed and rippling in his swim suit.

"Yes, I am. Do you see what I see?"

Marian, wearing very little more than Mitzi, sidled up to Peter, giving him the full benefit of milky, melon-like protuberances, large tipped and firm. "All I see," said Marian, "is Mitzi Woods fooling around with your brother. What's wrong with that?"

"Everything! Mitzi's no girl for Lawrence, and I am afraid he's falling for her. That little nuisance has a way with her."

"Oh, so you're affected also, are you?" asked Marian.

"Don't be silly—I'm just thinking of Lawrence. He's only a kid, and he's inclined to be too darn wild. The right sort of girl will steady him. The sooner he settles down, the sooner a load will be off my mind."

"Hasn't he got anything to say about that?"

"He's not supposed to know what I'm doing. Don't you give me credit for having any diplomacy?"

Mitzi and Lawrence came out of the water, dripping and gleaming, and threw themselves on the sand in front of Peter and Marian. Mitzi turned over on her back, spread her arms and legs in an abandon of well being, arching her pointed little breasts so that they thrust straight upward.

"See!" said Peter scowling, "that's the sort of thing I mean. Taking an unfair advantage of her femininity."

"Who's taking what?" asked Mitzi.

"You are. Why don't you lay off my brothe rand tag around after someone else for a change? With your S.A. you ought to find it easy"

"How would you like the job?" asked

Mitzi softly.

"Me? After two hours in your company, I'd probably twist your pretty little neck. I regard you as public nuisance number one, and there are times when I wished that you were my sister—for five minutes. No more than five minutes. I don't think I could endure even that."

Mitzi slowly rose, brushing the sand from her wet bathing suit that clung with skin-like devotion to the rounded, well developed twin hemispheres below her spine. "Suppose I were your sister," she asked coyly, "what would you do?"

"I'd exercise a big brother's right and apply a paddle where it would do the most good!"

Mitzi grinned derisively, crinkling up her adorable little nose, the parting of her strawberry red lips revealing pearly little teeth.

"Oh you great big, masterful brute," she mocked. "I think I'll take you up on that. For the next five minutes you can call me sister. Long as I am your sister, there is nothing wrong in my becoming affectionate, is there?"

Without waiting for an answer, Mitzi stepped close to Peter, twined her sun tanned arms around his neck, and pressed against the back of his head with surprising strength for one so small. Peter felt his head being pulled forward and down, and before he knew what was happening, he found his lips pressed hard against the most delicious little mouth he had ever encountered. Mitzi's kiss was so innocent and child-like that Peter softened, in spite of himself. The moment his arms went about her, he was lost. Pressed close to him, offering him the honey of her lips, was an adorable little bit of femininity, curved and alluring. His big hand, fumbling awkwardly on her bare little back, brushed lower to come in contact with

firmly rounded hips that quivered beneath his touch.

Peter suddenly became aware of Marian and Lawrence looking at him with undisguised amusement. His face red, he broke Mitzi's hold, roughly pushed her away, and backed away.

"Brat!" he muttered.

"You still have a couple of minutes left," giggled Mitzi.

"I have a good mind to — " Peter made a sudden lunge, but Mitzi was no longer there. Forgetting his dignity as a rising young attorney, and head of his family, he dashed after the rapid disappearing green figure, his eyes fixed on twinkling thighs, and rhythmically bobbing, plump little hips. Mitzi ran surprisingly fast. Her strides, it is true were much shorter than Peter's, but she took about two steps to his one. She rounded the row of bath houses, and Peter was a couple of seconds behind her, beginning to pant from the unaccustomed exertion.

Mitzi was waiting for him, eyes dancing impishly, and her hand behind her in the attitude of a child trying to ward off something very much deserved, her firm little coral-tipped breasts practically revealed in her stooping posture.

"Time's up," she laughed. "I'm not your sister any more!"

"Lucky for you. With a couple of minutes more to go I'd fix you good and proper."

"Oh, don't be like that," wheedled Mitzi. "Why can't you be nice, like your brother?"

"I'm not so bad, am I?"

"No—you're worse."

"I don't mean my disposition—I mean just me."

Peter was finding out that it was simply impossible to remain angry with Mitzi. He felt his face breaking out into a white toothed grin. His big

brown hands went under her armpits, and he lifted her from the ground, bringing her face to a level with his own.

Mitzi was not known to waste any opportunities. Her sunburned, rounded legs flashed around Peter's hard, muscles corrugated waist. Her arms locked behind his neck. Tantalisingly, she held her lips before his.

Peter was beginning to discover he was only human, after all. Suddenly he drew her close, flattening her out-thrust breasts against his hard chest, kissing her almost savagely. His hands wandering to the most appropriate place clamped around the twin cushions at the base of her back.

"What's that for," asked Mitzi impishly, "to hold me up?"

"I can't let you fall, you know."

"Then you really don't dislike me?"

"No—I won't dislike you if you'll leave my brother alone, so I can have a chance to marry him off to a nice steady girl who won't make him fool away all his time on parties, and all those goofy things you've been dragging him into!"

"I get it—a sort of John Alden act?"

"Maybe—but I haven't found the girl as yet."

"Did you ever speak for yourself?"

"Don't change the subject. I haven't time for you women. I have a career to take care of."

Mitzi pressed herself alluringly against Peter, the magnet of her lips once more drawing his. Little thrills began running up both their spines. Peter noticed Mitzi's breasts squeezed against him, beginning to throb and grow firmer. He felt her skin warming—and noticed that he himself didn't feel cool, even though they stood in the shade of the bath houses.

"Still no time for women?" Mitzi mocked, when their lips disengaged a moment later.

"Still no time for women," he repeated. Mitzi's legs loosened their hold; the grip of her arms relaxed. Peter had been waiting for this opportunity. With a sudden twist he moved his hands from beneath her and she fell sitting down in the soft sand. Peter turned and walked rapidly away, feeling decidedly uncomfortable. Something was bothering him—that much he knew, but just what the trouble was, he didn't know. Almost involuntarily, he turned his head. A pang of tenderness went through him as he caught a glimpse of Mitzi, still sitting on the sand, carefully rubbing the delectable part of her anatomy upon which he had dumped her. As he looked, he saw her stick her tongue out at him.

At the country club dance that night Peter thought he was in luck. The chairman of the dance committee had just introduced Helen Faile, tall, cool, statuesque, and blonde—the perfect opposite of Mitzi Woods. Peter knew about the Faile family—it had money and position, and Lawrence certainly needed the steady influence of both. As they danced, Peter found himself approving of everything he knew about Helen. Almost as tall as he, she clung to him gracefully, her large ripe breasts held firmly in place by a brassiere visible through her evening gown, a subtle, aristocratic perfume wafting upward. In the depths of her cool green eyes reposed hidden fires that Peter was not at first aware of.

Peter's silent appraisal of Helen was rudely interrupted when someone bumped into him, and a pointed little spike heel came down on the patent leather of his evening oxfords. Angrily he swung round.

"I might have known it," he rasped. "Wherever there's anything disturbing going on, I can be sure to find Mitzi Woods."

"Oh, hello Peter," said Mitzi innocently, laughing from the hollow of Lawrence's arm. "I see you've found her."

Peter felt himself go red, up to the roots of his hair. "I don't know what you are talking about," he mumbled, swinging Helen away before Mitzi could say any more.

"What did she mean?" asked Helen.

"I'm darned if I know," said Peter, his legal career having made an excellent liar of him. "That was Mitzi, who has attached herself to my brother."

"Oh, I see," said Helen, airily dismissing the idea of Mitzi. A cold, calculating gleam began to rise in the depths of her calm green eyes.

"I'm rather tired of dancing."

"Shall we sit this one out?"

"I won't mind at all."

In the garden Peter unaccountably found his arm around Helen's waist.

"Helen—I hardly know how to begin. Did you see my brother?"

"Yes, what about him?"

"Don't you think Mitzi is a terrible influence?"

"Oh, I don't know; some men like that type of girl."

"My brother is really a swell chap. He has brains, personality and charm, but he's only throwing himself away. With the right sort of wife, there would be no limit to his future. Of course," he added, with a show of pardonable pride, "my family has a lot of influence, and a girl with his social position would be pretty lucky to get him."

"Really?" asked Helen.

Peter hadn't noticed it, but Helen had edged very close to him. Involuntarily, his arm tightened about her waist.

"Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" quoted Helen, unconsciously repeating what Mitzi had said.

Her carmined lips were very close; in the moonlight a large, creamy breast,

half revealed in her low cut gown, offered itself enticingly. For the second time that day, Peter found himself unaccountably kissing a girl. Helen's lips burned against his.

With all the dignity he could muster, Peter slowly disengaged himself. "I'm sorry, he said, "I must have lost my head for a moment."

"Why should you be sorry?" asked Helen softly, "didn't you want to?"

Of course he wanted to," giggled a voice from the other side of the bushes. "He didn't want to kiss me to-day, either, but he did." Peter sprang to his feet, his face purple. There was a light patter of feet on the stone walk, and he saw Mitzi disappear between the open French doors of the ballroom.

"I really must apologise," he said.

"I understand," said Helen.

"It doesn't look as though we can have any privacy. To-morrow we're going on a fishing trip. Wouldn't you like to come along?"

"I'd be delighted," said Helen. "Who'll be in the party?"

"You — I — my brother — and a couple of others."

"Not Mitzi, I hope!"

"Not if I can help it," muttered Peter.

His prophecy didn't seem to be very good. When the forty-foot sailing vessel was ready to cast off, Peter found Mitzi, in her scandalous green bathing suit, firmly esconced next to Lawrence.

Peter strode over, in flapping white ducks.

"I didn't invite you, my little pest!"

"No, but Lawrence did."

"Look here," said Peter roughly to his brother. "I arranged this trip. It's my boat and I invite the guests. Besides, I've brought somebody for you."

"Oh yeah!" said Lawrence. "Now you listen to me, I'm twenty-six years old, and I am quite capable of taking care of myself."

"Bravo! Bravo!" applauded Mitzi, gleefully clapping her hands. "That'll show the big clam where to get off."

"Where you get off," said Peter ominously, is right here." He indicated the place where the gang-plank should have been. It was too late. The boat was already moving off.

"So sorry," said Mitzi. "Next time put a barb wire fence around this old tub."

"Oh, Helen," said Peter, turning to the statuesque blonde, seductively clad in tight ducks and middy. "I want you to meet my brother Lawrence. I'm sure you've already met Mitzi."

"Charmed," murmured Mitzi.

"Hi'ya," said Lawrence.

"How do you?" intoned Helen.

Peter moved to supervise the crew. Mitzi and Helen stood facing each other. A slow smile curved Mitzi's lips.

"You're in love with Peter," she said.

"Don't be so crude, my dear," said Helen.

"That's all I wanted to know. Have a nice time with Lawrence."

Peter found Mitzi tugging at his arm.

"What is it now, Gumboil?"

"Your plans are miscarrying. Helen doesn't give a darn about Lawrence. She is in love with you."

"Tell me another," said Peter. "If you come to me with a story like this, I know there's something behind it—and it isn't for my benefit either."

"Okay by me," said Mitzi, "don't say I didn't warn you. By the way—do you happen to have a barometer in your house?"

"No—why?"

"Well, I have a barometer in mine, and last night the needle went down, pretty steadily. If I know anything, this hunk of floating timber, is going to run into a squall."

"That's just it, you *don't* know any-

thing. If there is a squall, you can swim back to shore—I'll be busy saving someone else."

A sudden gust of wind hit Peter in the face. Quickly he looked up. Dark clouds were scudding over the horizon. The waves, as far as the eye could see, began breaking into white caps. The boat rocked.

"So I don't know anything, do I?" taunted Mitzi.

"Oh, shut up." Peter spun the wheel, put the boat around and headed back for shore. He was none too soon. With the suddenness of a tropical hurricane, the heavy electrical storm struck. The crew dashed below; the party scrambled ashore and ran.

Peter looked for Helen and Lawrence. They were nowhere to be found. He heard a little cry beside him. Mitzi, hanging on to his belt, had sunk to the ground. "My ankle," she moaned. "My house is about a hundred yards away. Try to get me there."

Peter swore under his breath, then picked up Mitzi, slung her over his shoulder, and began to run. The rain came down in torrents, drenching him to the skin. Mitzi in her bathing suit didn't seem to mind.

As Peter ran, he had his cheek pressed to Mitzi's quivering, bouncing flank. He felt very much tempted to bring his hand up in a resounding smack against the clearly outlined hemispheres.

He dashed up to the porch, almost tearing down the screen door, and stood in the vestibule, dripping and furious.

"Up the stairs," ordered Mitzi. "Take me up to my room."

Peter, anxious to get out, slopped up the steps, kicked upon the door of Mitzi's room, and dropped her on the bed.

"Now are you satisfied?" he growled, turning to leave.

"Where are you going?"

"To find Helen, of course."

"I saw Helen and Lawrence duck in somewhere. You'll probably intrude. Besides, look how wet you are. Better put on an outfit of my brother's. He's about the same size as you are."

"What about your ankle?"

"It's better," said Mitzi promptly, "and you can call me a liar if you want to."

She skipped off the bed, disappeared for a moment, and returned with a pair of men's white duck trousers, a white shirt and white shoes and socks, shorts and an undershirt. A big towel hung over her arm. "Here—go into the bathroom, get under a hot shower, and get into these."

"What about you?"

"I'm going to do the same thing—and I'll get into those and them."

Peter took the garments, and slammed the bathroom door behind him. Ten minutes later he emerged, dry and refreshed. He heard Mitzi's shower still running. Over the transom of her bathroom, he caught a glimpse of her in the full length mirror at the other end of the room. He caught his breath. Her back to the mirror, Mitzi was vigorously soaping herself. Her flesh gleamed white and tender. As she turned under the veil of water, Peter's eyes dwelt tenderly on the reflection of her superbly outthrust breasts, proudly upheld and coral tipped. He had always regarded her as a little girl, a nuisance; in the mirror, he saw the reflection of a deliciously rounded young woman—the picture of a body built for love. An idea struck him with blinding force.

A few moments later, Mitzi emerged from her bathroom, a fur-trimmed negligee wrapped around her glowing pink

skin. Peter advanced to meet her, drew her gently into his arms, bent down, and set his lips against hers. Mitzi's eyes went wide and startled, then closed blissfully, as she gave herself up to Peter's embrace. The man sank on to the bed, drew Mitzi on to his lap. Deftly his hand dived behind her loose negligee, finding, cupping and fondling a swelling, quivering mound, flame tipped and resilient. He dropped his head to the delicious valley between Mitzi's adorable breasts, kissing the satiny skin, letting his mouth wander where it would.

"Darling!" he heard her murmur.

"I've been a fool," he said. "I might have known that you kept after me because you cared for me—not for anyone else."

"About time you saw the light, you big goof," said Mitzi.

"Imp!" Gently Peter eased Mitzi to the bed, drawing down the negligee from her silver shoulders. Her breasts in all their glory rose before his eyes. Reverently he brushed his lips to each cherry tip, cradling her with his arms, his hand wandering from her breast, lower and lower.

"Imp!" he murmured again. Intriguing little imp!"

Mitzi relaxed blissfully, a sigh curving her lips. "That's better," she whispered.

Through her half-closed eyes, she saw Peter drawing the shades, settling himself beside her, drawing her closer to him. She felt the negligee slipping away, then she felt *herself* slipping away—she and Peter, into a world of throbbing sensation where everything was forgotten except the supreme sensation of love's fulfillment.

# Miss Allen meets her match

By MAUD CAMERON

*(The scene is Vienna. The date about 1860.) (Based upon authentic details of life in a Continental Seminary for young ladies.)*



"But Miss Allen, I beg you to be careful. Marie is no ordinary pupil. Her uncle is the Duke of Gratzelm—we cannot punish her with impunity!"

Frau Anna Schmidt, assistant mistress at the Potzorf Academy for Ladies, looked anxiously across the study at her colleague, the new English lessons mistress. Mary Allen met her gaze steadily. A tall brunette of 30, beautiful in a cold, imperious way, she had not long arrived from America. She was determined to make a success of her post and to maintain discipline without fear or favour. It did not matter to her that Marie Jedzburg was the niece of a duke—it only mattered that she had incurred punishment, and that she, Miss Allen, must administer it. Her voice was calm and commanding as she answered Frau Schmidt. . . .

"Marie has been cheating in class. I should be neglecting my duty if I failed to punish her. Kindly send her to me at once, and in the meantime ask the housekeeper to prepare a rod!"

"But you're not going to whip her?"

Why, think of her age—she's over sixteen. Think of her uncle—he's not a duke for nothing, you know. Really, Miss Allen, if you'll take my advice . .

But Mary Allen took no one's advice. Frau Schmidt went out of the room shaking her head forebodingly, whispered to the housekeeper that a new birch was required, and then went in search of Marie. She told the Duke's niece that Miss Allen wanted her, but gave no clue to the reason. Five minutes later Marie confronted the English mistress in her study without the least appearance of guilt or anxiety.

A lovely girl, this Marie, carrying herself with natural poise and having all the radiant freshness of a school-girl, she was used only to admiration and deference from those around her. Golden-haired, blue-eyed, prettily plump in the right places, she had the supreme gift of lovely skin. Her blue satin gown was lowly cut and the whitest of alabaster breasts were visible above her bodice. The curve of her hips was already that of a woman, but



she retained a girlish slim waist and a sort of wild rose freshness which showed her to be still a schoolgirl.

She faced Miss Allen with a slightly superior smile and an arrogant self-assurance which incensed the English mistress greatly. Miss Allen assumed her sternest expression, and came straight to the point.

"Marie Jedzburg, I have just discovered that you cheated in class yesterday. That you copied your exercise direct from another girl. I need hardly remind you that this is one of the most serious offences a girl can commit. What is your excuse—what have you to say before I punish you as you deserve?"

Before Miss Allen's compelling gaze Marie's complacent manner vanished rapidly. She hung her head, fidgetted with her hands and for once in her life felt thoroughly uncomfortable.

"I—I suppose I'll do the beastly exercise again, if that's what you mean," she said with a sort of nervous sulkiness.

Miss Allen rose decisively to her feet and rang the bell. "Certainly you'll do the exercise again Marie. You'll do it three times over. But that won't save you from punishment. Your whole attitude reeks of insolence, and there is only one cure for that. I warn you, Marie that I am going to whip you—and whip you severely. We'll see what the birch rod can teach you. It's high time you had a taste of real discipline!"

"The birch rod! You—you mean you're going to whip me?" Marie's big eyes widened, her ruby lips opened in amazement. With an adorable, unconscious movement she stepped back a pace and clasped her hands to her bottom. The colour mounted in a crimson flush from neck to ears. She could scarcely credit her senses. This was incredible — unthinkable — impossible.

No one would dare to do such a thing . . . Why, even when she was a child, her nurses had not been allowed to spank her. This mistress must just be trying to scare her.

The door opened and in came Freda, a sturdy servant of peasant stock, who often assisted at whippings. She carried a silver tray on which was laid a sinewy birch. Behind her followed Martha, another maidservant of muscular, almost masculine build. Both servants gasped when they saw who the birch was for, but they said not a word. Meanwhile Marie recovered from her first shock and poured forth a perfect torrent of scorn and defiance at the English mistress.

"So you think you can whip me, do you? Me, Marie Jedzburg. Why you must be crazy. Do you know my uncle's a duke? Do you know he rules all this district? Why, if anyone laid a finger on me he'd have them sent to a house of correction and flogged. Do you hear that—flogged! I warn you, Miss Allen, that your'e not in America now. My uncle. . .

She broke off as Miss Allen calmly took the birch rod from the tray, swished it through the air and tested its flexibility. There was iron determination in every movement of the mistress. When she spoke again her words sent cold shivers down Marie's spine.

"Very well, Marie Jedzburg, that settles it. Now you shall be well whipped. Since you are a big girl and this is your first punishment I had intended to whip you over your drawers. In view of your gross impertinence, however, I withdraw that privilege. Your drawers will be taken down and you will receive your punishment on the bare flesh. I have noticed you smiling when your classmates have been whipped. Now I am going to show you that a birching on the posterior is not

a matter for amusement. Freda, prepare Miss Marie for punishment. Martha bring forward the whipping stool and place her in position!"

Something in Miss Allen's tone quenched all the spirit in Marie. She tried to speak but the words choked in her throat. She looked imploringly at the servants but there was no help from that quarter. Inwardly, both Freda and Martha were delighted. This proud, aristocratic schoolgirl had always treated them like dirt. It would be grand to see her writhing and reddening under the birch like one of the ordinary pupils. Usually they heard her voice only when she gave orders. Now they would hear it begging for mercy. That would be music indeed. The two servants set about their task with a relish which showed in their glistening eyes and quick breathing.

She shuddered with humiliation, but she dared not disobey. Slowly her hands went behind her. Gingerly she grasped her chemise. With a little gasp of anguish she pulled it up. Up over her silky thighs, over her swelling buttocks till it reached her waist, and Marie was showing that which she had never shown before in her life. Her bottom was bare! Plump, white and satiny, it spread over the whipping stool. A perfect poem of a bottom, fully developed in size and contours but plainly a schoolgirl's in smoothness and delicacy. The white flesh quivered nervously and the twin cheeks clung coyly together as three pairs of eyes burned into it.

Freda and Martha stared fascinated. They had helped to whip scores of schoolgirls. Dozens of dazzling bottoms had been bared before them. But never had they seen a croup like this. The magnificent moon of Marie's was almost awe-inspiring in its pearl-white perfection. Strange thrills ran through

the servants at the sight of it. Freda approached closer, and, under guise of arranging the chemise, passed her hands feverishly over the rounded flesh. Marie winced at the touch and tried to withdraw her bottom. Martha was kneeling at the other side of the stool to hold the culprit's wrists. She released them for a moment while she slipped Marie's chemise down to expose her breasts. Her hands explored the soft globes and she felt the nipples harden at her touch. Marie started to whimper quietly and Miss Allen tapped her foot impatiently.

"You will now ask my pardon and beg me to whip you. Properly now, or I shall thrash you the harder!"

The voice was cold and relentless, but Mary Allen was far from feeling calm herself. This lovely mountain of flesh at her mercy excited strange instincts in her. She grasped the birch more tightly, her eyes shone and she gritted her beautiful teeth as she waited. She would teach this schoolgirl to threaten her teacher. So her uncle could order floggings, could he? He could send her to a House of Correction, eh? Well, one thing he couldn't do was to save Marie. Duke's niece or not she was going to be birched, and birched in a way she would never forget. As for the Duke, he could do nothing against a teacher who was only doing her duty in whipping an unruly pupil, and in any case her American citizenship would protect her from any interference.

Miss Allen smiled grimly as she raised the birch and waited for Marie's apology. Never had she so looked forward to administering the rod. Never had she seen so ideal a target for the birch.

Marie's apology came at last. Half sobbing and hating herself for cowardice, she repeated the humiliating formula. Every word cost her untold

anguish, but she knew the painful consequences if she faltered. She drew her breath, clenched her little hands and in broken tones jerked out the formula. The words which had amused her so much when other girls were forced to say them.

"I . . I . . humbly b-beg your pardon

did," she said slowly. "It's nice to see such real humility. Certainly I shall whip you soundly, Marie. This birch has been well soaked and it seems really supple and cutting. Perhaps, Freda, you wouldn't mind examining this girl's posterior which she has so kindly exposed. Just feel her bottom and let



for my faults, and I . . oh, dear . . I b-beg you to give me a severe whipping!"

Miss Allen smiled ironically. "Splendid," she said slowly.

me know what sort of condition the flesh is in. Whether it can stand a really first-class flogging with the birch.

Freda smiled cruelly. She knelt be-

side the stool and her hands roamed over the luscious bottom. She pinched and prodded each cheek separately, grasping the fleshiest parts of the buttocks and squeezing them indecently till Marie groaned with shame. She pinched the tender skin inside the thighs and the schoolgirl squealed. Then she raised her roughened palm and brought it down with a resounding smack on each cheek in turn. Immediately a light pink flush appeared on the skin, whilst the bottom quivered tremulously. The servant looked up. "If I may say so, Miss Allen, this is a seat which can stand a lot of birching. The flesh is tender but the buttocks are well covered and my experience is that young ladies of this build can well support a flogging. The skin heals quickly after the soundest whipping."

Miss Allen smiled and stepped back a pace. "Thank you, Freda. You confirm my own opinion. We are not dealing with a little girl whose buttocks are not developed, but with a mature bottom, firm, fleshy and, if anything, a trifle oversized. Such a rump can stand some punishment. Very well then, it shall have it. Now Martha, you hold her wrist and pull her well over the stool. Hold her how you like but keep her head down and her bottom well stretched out. There, that's splendid! Now for a little music!"

"One ... two ... three—Swish.  
Eeeeeeeh!"

Hardly had the birch swung through the air than the screams left Marie's throat. The supple twigs splayed right across her buttocks, biting the tender flesh like so many spiteful teeth. Up from the stool bounded Marie's bottom. The thighs opened and closed convulsively. The whipping had commenced with vengeance.

One ... two ... three ... Swish ...  
Ahhhhh Eeeee—Mercy! Have mercy!

eeeeeh. I can't stand it Ahhhh. I feel as though I'm burning ... mercy! Eeeee please don't ... please stop it!

One ... two ... three ... Swish ...  
Eeeeeeh ... Ahhhhhh! Grrrrr, Mercy, I won't do it again. Eeehhhhh. Again and again the birch thrashed the dancing bottom. Red stripes marked the skin only to appear again redder and redder. Marie screamed and struggled, bounding madly up and down the stool but never able to escape from the servants. "Swish! ... Swish! ... Swish!" went the cruel birch and as the reddened buttocks squirmed Miss Allen bit her lips and struck still harder. Swish ... Ahhhh ... Eeeeeee ... grrrrr—mercy You're cutting me to shreds ... Eeeeeh. I'm sorry ... forgive me. Swish .....! Ahhhhhh ... Ehhhhhheeee.

Bits of twig flew everywhere. Miss Allen still thrashed away. Marie's screams became piercing, she squealed like a slaughtered beast, and the swellings in her bottom turned red and purple, but still her teacher wasn't satisfied.

One ... two ... three ... Swish ... you stop your cheating ... One ... two ... three ... Swish... Now will you learn respect for your teachers. Swishhh ... Swishhh. Take that and that and that. Now run and tell your uncle. The bottom was now dancing convulsively, the buttocks opening and closing. Red weals striped the once milky flesh and big swellings discoloured the whole smarting surface. One ... two ... three ... Swish ... Ahhhhhh! One ... two ... three ... Swish ... Eeeee! The birch was now in shreds. Miss Allen was hot and gasping and the two servants were exhausted with their efforts in holding Marie down. Miss Allen decided on two more strokes. She waited till Marie's worst screamings and kickings died down then she stepped back several paces, repaired the birch as well

as she could, and picking up her skirts in one hand ran several paces and delivered a cutting stroke with all the strength of her arm! There was another piercing yell from Marie as she bounced writhing on the stool, and a little spot of blood appeared on her right cheek and slowly down her legs. Once again Miss Allen stepped back. Once again she gritted her teeth and for the last time the birch flourished across her head and descended with terrific force on the other cheek.

Eeeeeeeh, Ahhhhhh, Grrrrr, screamed Marie as another ruby drop rolled down her thighs. For several minutes she yelled writhing like a severed snake on the stool, then lay still, quietly sobbing, whilst her poor bottom, now swollen and bleeding trembled pathetically of it's own accord.

Miss Allen put down the birch, or what was left of it, and signalled the servants to release Marie. Then she spoke a few words of warning to the well whipped schoolgirl and told her that the whipping would be repeated if necessary.

"Now put your drawers on," she concluded, "and go to the matron. Tell her that you have been thrashed and that you have my permission for her to give you a lotion. I am sorry I was forced to be severe, but I hope this will be a lesson to you all your life. Now go and let me hear no more about it. You have cheated and been whipped for it—now the matter is finished. Let it never happen again." And turning on her heel Miss Allen left the room.

For a fortnight after her fearful birching at the hands of Miss Allen, Marie Jodburg was a model of behaviour. Of all the schoolgirls in the Academy she was the most diligent and obedient. So pleased, indeed, was Miss Allen by her pupil's change that she granted her certain privileges. She

allowed her, for example, to have a cushion on the hard classroom bench in view of the exquisitely tender state of Marie's bottom after her well-merited whipping, this little comfort was of some importance. Marie, in fact, should have had the **grace not to nurse a grievance** for a punishment which was now over and done with.

But Marie could not forget her whipping so easily. She had suffered exquisite anguish under the birch and although her weals were healing, the injury to her pride was not. That she, Marie, niece to the Duke of Gratzheim, should have been whipped like any ordinary schoolgirl only much more severely was an ever-present scar on her self-esteem. Day and night she planned that the woman who had flogged her should live to rue it, and she used every scrap of power she possessed over her doting uncle, the Duke, to secure revenge.

The Duke was finally won over by a clever ruse. He had invited the Chief of Police to dine with him at his castle, and Marie saw her golden opportunity. With these two men, the most powerful in the district, on her side, she could achieve her cherished dreams of vengeance. Accordingly she put on her most charming evening frock, played up to the Police Chief like an experienced vamp instead of a schoolgirl, and, after bringing the conversation round to her life at the Academy, announced that her skin was still tender after her birching and that she only dreaded that her bottom would be permanently marked. Both men hastened to reassure her on this point, but Marie pretended to get more and more upset at the possibility, and told them repeatedly that they were in no position to judge since they had neither seen the birching nor inspected the injured place. At this, both men

went rather red in the face, and every time Marie turned round looked searchingly at the rounded contours under her frock. Finally, the Duke, with many preliminary coughs and splutters voiced the opinion of them both. "Well, my dear," he said, "I'm your uncle, you know. You've no need to be nervous of showing me the . . er . . the injured place. Nor our good friend here. In fact, I rather think that it is our duty to see whether this teacher of yours has exceeded her authority. What say you, Adolf?"

"Certainly, Duke. Most decidedly we cannot allow our little Marie to be ill-treated. If I had proof that this young lady had been birched unreasonably . . I should . . well, I should use my powers as Police Chief to . . er . . see that this American woman was . . er . . punished."

"Do you mean that you'd have her flogged if I showed you what she'd done?" put in Marie quietly. Her hands were already clutching at her frock as if to pull it up, and the Police Chief could not resist her.

"I give you my word," he said deliberately that if you are able to show me marks on your . . er . . person, I shall take steps to see that your teacher is flogged. I don't say that we can openly charge her with assault, but there are ways and means of managing these things, and I can promise you, young lady, that this teacher of yours shall be as thoroughly well whipped as any woman in the House of Correction. Now my dear, prove your accusation against her!"

Without another word, Marie dragged a chair forward. She turned round with her backside to the two men, pulled up her gown and petticoats, quickly unbuttoned her satin drawers and finally pulled up her chemise and laid herself over the chair. She lay

there calmly whilst the Duke and the Police Chief, by no means calm themselves, inspected her gorgeous bottom with great gravity. It was true enough that the schoolgirl's buttocks bore traces of the birch. The pale whiteness of the skin was marked across both cheeks with long copper-coloured lines, and although it was obvious that the flesh would soon heal, it could not be denied that poor Marie had received a very formidable whipping. Both men uttered exclamations of horror at the marks, though in reality they were far more intent upon drinking in every detail of this fleshy pearl. Both of them swore that Miss Allen should be flogged by hook or by crook, and both of them made a mental reservation that if the American woman's bottom was half as interesting as Marie's, it would be an excellent idea to attend the flogging themselves. Marie rose at last from the seat and put up her drawers with quiet satisfaction. Any embarrassment she felt at displaying her maidenly buttocks before these two men was more than compensated by the sweet thought of revenge on Miss Allen. Marie, in fact, lived in a state of secret exultation at the prospect of seeing her teacher whipped, and the Duke's niece was now certain that sooner or later her burning desire would be granted.

As for Miss Allen, she went on with her teaching blissfully unconscious of the fate in store for her. All she thought about Marie was that the girl seemed to have greatly benefitted from her birching and to be far less haughty than usual. She did not see the expression on Marie's face when turned to the blackboard, nor feel the way the school-girl's eyes feasted on the womanly bottom of her teacher.

She had long since forgotten Marie's threat to tell her uncle of her whipping, and not the faintest trace of suspicion







entered her head when she one day received a written request to call at the Court of Justice. Thinking that it must be some detail in connection with her passport which needed adjustment, Mary Allen put on her very smartest clothes and went along to the Court-house. It was a big building of sombre stone housing many police officials, and also containing a few cells for prisoners on remand. Miss Allen asked for the Chief of Police and was conducted through many corridors and down several flights of steps to a room which she told herself, looked more like a dungeon than a passport office. However, she seated herself on a bench against the wall and waited with great dignity to be received by the proper official. She had not long to wait for the most staggering surprise of her thirty years. The Police Chief came in by a small door at the opposite end to which she herself had entered, and just looked her carefully up and down as though she were an exhibit at a fair instead of an educated American woman accustomed to command respect and deference.

Mary Allen stood up to her full height — she was nearly a foot taller than the Police Chief—and assumed her most imperious manner. "Kindly inform me the reason," Herr Police Chief, for my summons to this place. If there are any questions you wish to know about my passport, I shall be obliged if you will put them at once. The American Consul will see to the details and . . ." She broke off abruptly and stared at the Police Chief. He was smiling sardonically and tapping a bunch of documents in his hand. "I am not for the moment interested in your passport, Miss Allen," he said offensively. "I wish to know, and to know in detail how you came to have in your possession at your lodgings these seditious pamphlets. My men had

secret instructions to search your rooms the other day. They found these papers and I may as well tell you right away that they are of such importance to the State that an immediate and secret enquiry was ordered. His Highness the Duke of Gratzheim himself presided at the enquiry which found you guilty of assisting in the preparation of treason against the State. We are willing to believe you are the mere tool of others, and provided we have a full confession we shall merely deport you from the country. If you still persist in stupid denials of your guilt you will be subject to summary and salutary punishment. Take your choice, young woman—sign a full confession or you shall be flogged here and now and asked questions afterwards.

"Stop! Stop, I tell you. What fool's mistake is this you're making? How dare you talk to me like that. I know nothing of any documents, and I won't be treated like a common spy. I demand to be brought before a court and to have the assistance of my Consul. How dare you talk to an American lady about flogging. I've never been so insulted in my life! . . .

Miss Allen was literally seething with rage, and she certainly looked an imposing figure. Her fine dark eyes flashed scorn at the short Police Chief, and her opulent bosom heaved beneath her blouse. She put her slender hands on her hips and, whilst fixing the other with her most formidable gaze, she smoothed her tight-fitting costume over her buttocks in a quite unconscious movement. It certainly seemed ludicrous in the extreme that this fussy little man should be standing there threatening such a tall, stately and dignified beauty as Miss Allen with a punishment usually awarded to school-children, and it was no gesture of fear that made her hands stray over the

threatened parts. Although Miss Allen was a great believer in whipping, she believed in it only for other people. She had not hesitated to birch any girl placed under her charge, but that only made it seem all the more ridiculous and impossible that anybody should dream of serving her the same way. The indignity of the suggestion so riled her

that it was all she could do to avoid striking the man who made it, but the Chief of Police gave her no opportunity. He clapped his hands, and immediately three powerful gendarmes appeared. "Secure this woman and carry her to the punishment cell. Tell Jacques that the toughest rod he has must be well soaked in brine, and make



certain the heaviest flogging bench is ready for this lusty wench. We'll give her a dose of Austrian justice which will take some of the swank out of her hide. Carry on, men. Don't handle the strumpet like a piece of china! Hark at her insults. Listen to her silly threats! We'll drum another sort of music from her when her bottom's bare. That's right, tie her feet together

and take her right along. There's smart company present and we'll make this wench entertain them royally. Never mind her shouts, men. Don't gag her, I like to hear them. "We'll see whether forty strokes on the bottom will soothe her temper!" Already the official whipper was there—and the Duke of Gratzhiem and his niece Mariell!

(To be continued in the next issue.)



**"Are you refusing to kiss me"**  
he demanded.

**"Well I've never done it before"**  
she admitted.

**"Never kissed a man?"**

**"Oh no—never refused to."**

## **More Actual Extracts from the Press**

To show you how effectively discipline can sometimes be administered by a woman, I would like to recount the birching that a woman friend of mine once gave her nephew, a lad of 16. He had been left by his father in her care, while the father was abroad in India. He exhorted my friend to hold a tight hand over the boy and keep him out of mischief.

She is a handsome, tall young widow of thirty, just the kind of woman boys like, and they were soon on capital terms. But only a few weeks elapsed before the pretty housemaid complained that Master Henry had tried to kiss her on the stairs, and threatened to give notice. My friend, however, pacified her and promised she would give her nephew something to remember. There

was a twinkle in her eye as she ordered a birch broom from the grocer's boy, and proceeded to make two long, swishy birch rods.

Sending for her her nephew, she told him of the maid's complaint and added what would have happened had he done anything of the sort at school.

"I should have got a good swishing," he answered. "Well, if you will agree to take one from me, I will not report this to your father," she said. Her nephew seemed rather surprised, but instantly agreed.

Taking the birch rods with her, she led the way upstairs to the bathroom, and locked the door.

"Now get ready just as you would at school," she ordered.

Without a word he complied, and bending well over the mahogany side of the bath, presented a fair field for her operations.

She began at once, and laid on ten strokes with all the vigour of her strong wrist, but rather slowly. He was very brave and never winced, except at the last cut, when he called out, "I say, how it stings!"

Then, changing her rod and crossing over, while he stuffed his handkerchief into his mouth, she gave another ten as sharply as she could.

Both sides of his "surface" were streaked all over, and little points began to bleed where the pliant birch had curled round his legs.

"I say, Auntie," he cried, "I've had three or four good swishings from old —— at school, but never a dressing like yours!" All, however, was soon forgiven and they were good friends again almost directly, and as she kissed him that night she said "Now remember, Henry, you may kiss *me* as often as you like, but if you attempt it with the maids there will be another bathroom scene!"

My friend said she fancied, from giggling she heard in the kitchen afterwards, that the maid had revenged herself by a stolen glance through the bathroom keyhole.

"My dear," she added in telling me, "my husband *used to* say "If you don't want to flog often, flog well when you are about it—and don't be in too much of a hurry to get it over or you'll spoil the effect!"

EMMA.

(from *Society*, 3rd July, 1898)

Sir,—I have read with great interest the valuable correspondence on the corporal punishment of children that has lately taken place in your paper. In my own country no such discussion would indeed be necessary. Every mother—and I write as the mother of four daughters of 15 to 21 years of age—administers the birch to her daughters. The governess only, however, assists me. In aristocratic Austria the presence of servants on such occasions would be impossible.

The birch is alone used for females, and indeed, in certain cases, for grown-up women as well as for young girls. A recent writer has suggested that women guilty of dreadful acts of cruelty to children should receive the "cat" just as men do. That such women should receive corporal punishment is, I think, indubitable, but to administer the "cat" to them would be an act of cruelty almost as shocking as those for which they are condemned. The Austrian prison regulations on this subject are very clear. They run thus: "For women, corporal punishment is administered by means of strokes of the birch rod on the bare body. Not more than 30 strokes may be given, and only a female is allowed to administer the punishment." A female doctor is al-

ways present, and I myself have acted in that capacity. I have had authority to stop the flogging should I think fit. I never found occasion to do so, though I have sometimes relieved the sufferer somewhat by directing the remaining strokes to be applied somewhat lower down than the usual place.

AN AUSTRIAN WOMAN M.D.

(*Society*, 1st Oct., 1899)

Some years ago my niece, a tall, well-formed girl aged 19, was an apprentice at a large drapery establishment in the City. On one occasion she was detected pilfering. There was no excuse for this, as in addition to her salary she had a small private income, and lived on it.

I was sent for by the manageress, and the whole story was told to me in the presence of my niece, who was in tears, and admitted her wrongdoing. I had a private talk with the manageress, who spoke of instant dismissal and the police. However, in the circumstances in which I was then placed, and as a busy professional woman, I could not receive the culprit at my home, and we eventually agreed that her punishment should be a sound, old-fashioned whipping. I may say that when my niece was 15 years old I caught her stealing and gave her a good whipping with a small leather strap, and then sent her to bed. The strap left her very red for a bit, and very sore, but until this occasion there had been no return to dishonesty.

My niece was then called in and informed of our decision. Though she gave way to floods of tears, she was evidently relieved that she was not to be handed over to the police.

She was not allowed long to think of her coming chastisement, for the manageress left the room and returned al-

most immediately with two strong, middle-aged women. My niece was quickly divested of her skirt and blouse and I believe before she realised it she was lying face-downwards across a comfortable couch. She was so held whilst a strap was fastened round her waist and another round her shoulders. One of the women then held her hands firmly, so that the girl was quite helpless, whilst the other woman completed the necessary preparations. A birch, made of five or six twigs fastened together, was used, and my niece was thoroughly and conscientiously whipped in the good, old-fashioned way.

It was a really sound punishment, as one might judge by the cries and screams, and given in very businesslike fashion upon the bare skin.

The whipping over, the sobbing, squirming culprit was released and led off to bed. I witnessed the whole punishment, and severe though it was, I frankly state that I thoroughly approved of it. In fact, it cured her, and from that day to this she has never committed the slightest act of theft. She has been living with me for the past two years, and far from bearing any ill-will on account of her whipping, has several times expressed her thankfulness that through it she was compelled to keep to the paths of honesty.

This letter has been too long, but as a medical woman I would like to add in conclusion that there is no better punishment for naughty girls than a good, old-fashioned whipping.

I have often whipped girls myself (though not so old as 19), and received it. Speaking again from a medical point of view, there is no better or safer punishment for girls, either when they are at school or when they are older and have left.

The indignity of the preparation for whipping alone, impresses the culprit

wrong times merely cause resentment. Caning the hands and boxing the ears may do permanent harm. Let each mother give her child a sound, over-the-knee spanking.

It smarts, but can't harm. Treat boys and girls alike. A neat bundle of twigs or a heel-less slipper form an occasional alternative to the open hand.

What is needed in the present age of petty insolence, flagrant disobedience, utter disregard of parents, and general go-as-you-please, is not less, but a good deal more of corporal punishment.

Mrs. C.

(*Liverpool Courier*, 22nd Sept., 1919)

Judicious application of the cane is most necessary to the rising generation.

I have three boys and four girls between ten and nineteen, and I often find it necessary to take one of the boys upstairs and administer a thorough swishing with a supple cane — six to nine strokes with the culprit bent across the sofa end.

A swishing on the average lasts a month, and the effects are felt for three days.

The girls get three to six strokes from their mother. Only last week she had to chastise our daughter of 17, who was getting out of hand.

We always give ample warning, and never thrash unjustly. Thanks to the cane, I can say there are no better-behaved children anywhere.

R. C. D.

(*Liverpool Courier*, 22nd Sept., 1919).

I have been interested in the letters under the heading "Physical Punishment for girls."

My eldest daughter had been giving me endless trouble, so although she is a young woman of twenty years of age, I made up my mind to administer corporal punishment.

... After a sever struggle she submitted to take a well-deserved thrashing from my hands.

I prepared her, and made her lie face downwards on her bed. I then tied her hands to the head and her feet to the end of the bedstead.

I then whipped her with a good strong birch rod.

I began at the shoulders and worked downwards so that I did not leave one inch of her back and legs without a stripe.

I am thankful to say I had no more trouble with her. She is now married, and has thanked me several times for the good effects of her flogging.

I know several mothers who have followed my example.

Mrs. J. W.

(*Photo Bits*, 4th April, 1912).

## WIVES AND SWEETHEARTS.

My wife and I have arrived at a very happy undertaking—that faults on either side are punished by whipping.

The origin of this system of mutual punishment, that has had the happiest results, can be traced to an incident about three years ago. I was at that time 35, my wife being twelve years younger.

We had a scene, and my wife nagged at me so sharply that I remarked a good whipping would improve her disposition. I did not speak to my wife until the next morning, which was a Sunday. We breakfasted in silence, and afterwards she begged my forgiveness. This I readily granted, and we soon made it up.

After the usual tears and promises, however, my wife asked me to go with her to the bedroom. I followed her, wondering.

She locked the door, then took from the cupboard a long, thin cane, which

with the seriousness of her offence.

### A LADY MEDICAL PRACTITIONER.

*NOTE—In those days girls working in  
drapery shops usually "lived in."*

*(Photo Bits, 9th Aug., 1910)*

I quite agree with some of your readers that the ordinary smacking does not hurt enough to have any lasting effect upon a naughty girl.

I have been for several years assistant mistress in a school in the Midlands, where corporal punishment is used. Whenever a girl has committed a fault which we consider to deserve a whipping, we write down the offence on a piece of paper and send her with the note to the headmistress' study.

She is then ordered to bend over the high end of a sofa, when she receives a sound whipping with a cane, the number of strokes varying with the offence. If she made, in the headmistress' judgment, too much noise, she was always given an extra five strokes. I have known a girl receive as many as twenty strokes for her offence and five more for making a noise.

The headmistress was in no way a cruel woman, and she always took good care to explain to the pupil why she was being whipped before the punishment began. She always used the cane, being, like me, a believer in its lasting effects.

### "SCHOOLMISTRESS."

*(Photo Bits, 4th November, 1910)*

I quite agree with your correspondent that it is hard that a girl should be called immodest because she happens to reveal her lingerie accidentally.

Unfortunately, however, my husband does not share my views, and if he detects the slightest glimpse of lace dis-

played, he administers a severe spanking. What makes it all the harder is that my husband is very particular about my lingerie, which he always selects himself, and insists that I wear knickers and petticoats trimmed with daintiest lace. As he also insists that I wear the shortest possible skirts, it is sometimes very difficult to avoid the forbidden display.

### "SMACKED WIFE."

*(Photo Bits, 10th November, 1910)*

I was much interested in the husband who spansks his wife for any provocative display of her lingerie. This seems a highly appropriate punishment, yet I guarantee that his severity does not have much effect in preventing the lacy exhibition. Are these displays made in the husband's absence, or are they made to provoke him?

Is this the only reason for which she is spanked, or is it her husband's regular discipline? Are the short skirts to facilitate her spanking?

J. B.

*(Photo Bits, 21st December, 1910.)*

Modern parents may think themselves wiser than Solomon, but they are not. "Spare the rod and spoil the child" was his view, and modernity is merely proving him right.

The strictly brought-up child made the honest, courteous and enduring men and women of yesterday. The modern spoilt child produces the neurotic, unstable people of to-day. Discipline instilled in childhood, is the strongest force to fight self-indulgence in adult days.

It is a pity that sentimentalists and martinets both exaggerate. Threatened punishment spoils the nerves. Silly punishments, such as going to bed at

she handed to me, saying "I believe you are right. I do deserve a whipping and I am ready.

I hesitated, with the cane in my hand. But my wife insisted, and at last I agreed to give her the whipping she demanded.

Without a word, she then lay down across the bed, and at her own injunction I turned her petticoats up over her shoulders. I then gave her ten stinging cuts with the cane at measured intervals, perhaps ten seconds between each stroke.

She did not scream, but when I took her in my arms after I had whipped her her lips trembled and she sobbed bitterly.

After such an example of fairness and pluck on my wife's part, we made a compact that we have never since regretted.

Under precisely the same conditions, I have received many whippings at the hands of my plucky little wife.

I never give her more than 15 strokes sometimes only four or five; but I sometimes receive 15 cuts as hard as she can give them.

We are very happy together, with no nagging, only whipping when deserved on either side, followed by kisses.

I hope you will publish this letter, which should be of interest to all married couples.

R. F. W.

(*Photo Bits*, 7th August, 1912).

I am very interested in the letters which have appeared in your bright paper lately on the question of corporal punishment, and I wonder if any of

your readers could give me advice. I am 22 years of age, and in love with a girl of 18½. She has no mother or elder sister, so she has always had very much her own way, and when I do not do just as she wants, she will often sulk a long time.

I have come to the conclusion that a good smacking would do her a lot of good, but I am at a loss how to proceed. I once hinted it to her, and she laughed and said she would enjoy it, but of course she has never had a spanking. Can some of your readers advise me?

WILLIE.

(*Photo Bits*, 14th August, 1912).

### *PUNISHING A FIANCEE*

If "Willie" wants to try the effect of a spanking on his young lady, the best way for him to proceed having got three straps, one long and two short), is to wait until they are in the house alone. Then, not telling her what is in store for her he should strap her wrists together and fix another strap round her ankles. He can do this playfully as opportunity presents itself. Once the straps are securely fixed, he must proceed decisively with her punishment.

He should lay her across the edge of a strong table and pass the long strap through the two other ones, underneath the table, so that my lady is held fast in the most suitable position and cannot wriggle away. He can then spank her as she deserves. I suggest a thin cane as the instrument. This is the manner in which I punished my own fiancée for flirting with another man.

C. N.

(*Photo Bits*, 13th Sept. 1912)



**Book Your**

***Hollywood  
Nights***

**No. 3 - It's a**

**SMASHER**



BEBE: I heard you took a parachute jump from a plane recently. Where'd you land?

BABE: Mind your own Business.



Ah, begged her boss, "just one more kiss—please"

"Why, Mr. Jones" she exclaimed "it's after five-thirty"

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